Letter From Omaha

Josh Ritter

Well I can't sleep with all these hand-me-downs
Battered up chests and faded dreams
Every new life seems to spin away
Like sand escaping through the seamsSend me a letter from Omaha
Said a needle or thread could mend the tears
But tonight the cotton fields, they
Smell like calico
And the color of your hairStars stand against the lonely blue
Like pin-pricks made by midnight hands
They tried to sew you a pure white dress
Got tied up in the misdeeds and demandsCotton burned all brown and wasted
Like an innocence fell to disrepair
But tonight the ashes, they
Smell like calico
And the color of your hairIf I could have my one and only wish
I'd sew your hair all to the lining of my shirt
I'd stand in the noon day clean and golden
Not the color of the dry land dirtSend me a letter from Omaha
Said a needle or thread could mend the tears
But tonight the sugarcane, it
Smells like calico
And the color of your hair

Songwriters
RITTER, JOSH /Published by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, DUCHAMP, INC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/